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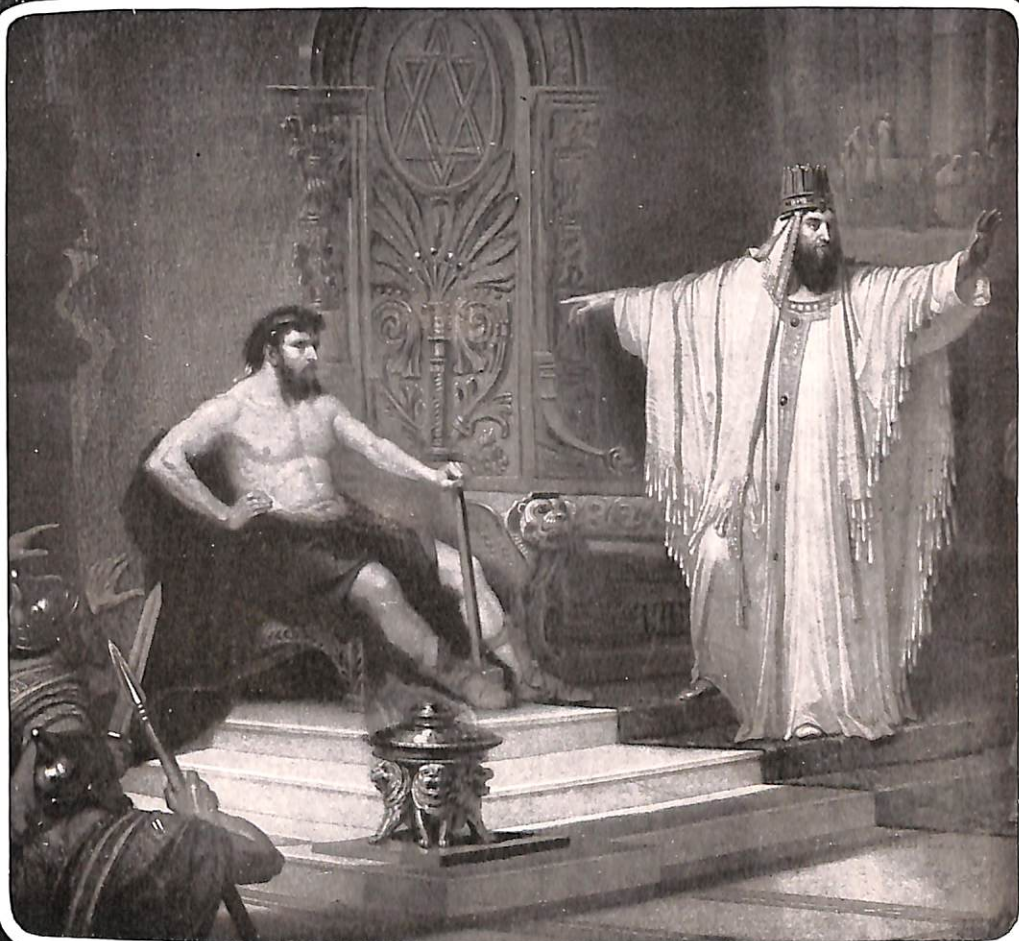
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New England Craftsman

Published in the Interests of Freemasonry

NOVEMBER, 1917



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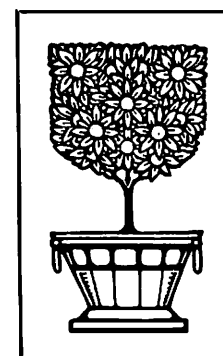
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NEW ENGLAND CRAFTSMAN

A Monthly Masonic Magazine

Office—202 Masonic Temple, Boston, Mass.

FREDERICK W. HAMILTON, President

A. H. MOORHOUSE, Treas. and Business Mgr.

Vol. XIII November, 1917 No. 2

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ERNEST L. WAITT
Editor

Editorial Contributors
Leon M. Abbott, 330
Fred'k. W. Hamilton, 330,
and others

Editor Emeritus
Warren B. Ellis, P. G. H. P.

New England

Craftsman

A MONTHLY MASONIC MAGAZINE

Vol. 13

NOVEMBER, 1917

No. 2

An Announcement

With this issue the New England Craftsman comes under new management, its Editor, Warren B. Ellis, P. G. H. P., retiring after twelve years of faithful service, at the age of eighty years. Under his care and guidance the New England Craftsman has been an important and necessary factor in the growth of the Masonic fraternity. It will be the purpose of the new management to continue the work with the same spirit but increased energy and to build upon the foundations he has established, to the end that the publication may grow in usefulness and be sought for and read by every Mason in New England.

Grand Master Leon M. Abbott, Grand Secretary Frederick W. Hamilton, as well as other distinguished brethren, have promised to contribute to our columns and the co-operation of every other member of the Masonic fraternity is invited. Original articles, news items or personal communications will be welcomed at all times.

Thanksgiving Day, 1917



Thanksgiving Day has come again
In times all saturate with pain,
And humans ask in accents sore,
"What have I to be thankful for?"

Well, as for me, I render thanks
For all the fine upstanding ranks
Of noble Youths who ready stand
To stay the Kaiser's blood-red hand.
I'm thankful for those men of grit,
Those men of valor and of wit,
Who stand between me and the Hun
And count it Duty to be done.
I'm thankful that the world's awake
To deeds that it must undertake
To hold its peoples wholly free
From chains of abject slavery.
I'm thankful that in days of need
Imperilled by the Hosts of Greed
The while we slept the men of France
And Britain stayed the foe's advance.
I'm thankful that my country's Fame
When threatened with the coward's shame
Rose up untarnished from the stress
Of comfort-loving selfishness.
I'm thankful that my shoulders bear
Some portion of the Nation's care,
And that the chance has come to me
To "do my bit" for Liberty.

'Tis well to let our voices rise
In thanks for gifts we dearly prize
But it were fairer, richer, gain
To thank our God for all the Pain
That lifts us from our sluggish ease
To lofty-levelled victories
Of Sacrifice we shall have won
When at the last our task is done.



Craftsman Comments

THE President's Thanksgiving Proclamation is a very beautiful production. It is a full and clear call to us all to a very special service of gratitude for the blessings in opportunity which have been vouchsafed to us in this critical period of our history as a nation, and it should be heeded by every devout and loyal servitor of the cause of Liberty. Moreover we cannot conceive of a more exalted, more stirring, more comprehensive statement of the War Aims of this Republic, than that which appears in these paragraphs:—

"We have been given the opportunity to serve mankind as we once served ourselves in the great day of our Declaration of Independence, by taking up arms against a tyranny that threatened to master and debase

CRAFTSMAN COMMENTS

men everywhere and joining with other free peoples in demanding for all the nations of the world what we then demanded and obtained for ourselves. In this day of the revelation of our duty not only to defend our own rights as a nation but to defend also the rights of free men throughout the world, there has been vouchsafed us in full and inspiring measure the resolution and spirit of united action. We have been brought to one mind and purpose. A new vigor of common counsel and common action has been revealed in us. We should especially thank God that in such circumstances, in the midst of the greatest enterprise the spirits of men have ever entered upon, we have, if we but observe a reasonable and practicable economy, abundance with which to supply the needs of those associated with us as well as our own. A new light shines about us. The greatest duties of a new day awaken a new and greater national spirit in us. We shall never again be divided or wonder what stuff we are made of.

"And while we render thanks for these things, let us pray Almighty God that in all humbleness of spirit we may look always to Him for guidance; that we may be kept constant in the spirit and purpose of service; that by His grace our minds may be directed and our hands strengthened; and that in His good time liberty and security and peace and the comradeship of a common justice may be vouchsafed all the nations of the earth."

The Craftsman takes a profound pleasure at this time in saying that in his judgment another cause for Thanksgiving is the superb spirit of patriotism with which the Administration has taken hold upon its responsibilities, and the splendid quality of efficiency with which the War work of the country is being forwarded today. The people are united behind the President and his co-workers, and every hour that passes increases the confidence that we who can only follow have come to have in those who lead.

Germans are said to be buying Argentine hides in anticipation of the war's end. If this means that the thickness of their own has at last been penetrated it is the most encouraging bit of news we have heard since the war began.

"The Navy," says the *New York Times*, "is building 787 ships," and adds the interesting bit of information that their "number is a military secret." Whispered in confidence, we presume, into the Ear of Space!

Profoundly as we believe in all this Food Control business we are not particularly impressed with the originality of some of the measures. Wheatless bread, and meatless hash are all right, but for years the Oysterless Oyster Stew has been a staple product of our Gastronomic Palaces.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts has undertaken to raise a fund for war relief. The Grand Lodge desires to raise a sum of money sufficient to enable it to take care of all the war relief of injured Masons, or the dependents of Masons who are injured or killed, which would ordinarily fall upon the individual Lodges. It is hoped also to make this fund large enough to do many things for the help of the men in camp and, later, on the firing line. Much has been said of the athletic building which is expected to be erected at Camp Devens. Important as this building is, it is only intended to be a small incident in the work of the Committee having the matter in charge.

Work done by this fund will not duplicate work of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Red Cross, or any other agency. It is to be raised and administered by a Committee consisting of: M. W. Leon M. Abbott, M. W. Melvin M. Johnson, R. W. Allen T. Treadway, R. W. William H. L. Odell, R. W. Matthew J. Whittall, R. W. Arthur G. Pollard, R. W. Horace A. Carter, R. W. Herbert F. French, R. W. Frederick W. Hamilton.

This committee is in close touch with officers and men and will keep itself informed as to needs and the best way of meeting them.

This is the largest financial enterprise which has ever been undertaken by the Masons of Massachusetts. Every member of every Lodge in the Jurisdiction will be personally asked to make his contribution and to make it as large as he can.

The committee has set no limit to the amount to be raised. It wants to see what the Masons of Massachusetts can do to live up to their principles and to their reputation in this hour of national peril when the liberties of the world are at stake.

Brethren, you are under obligation and on trial. Now is the time to roll up a fund which will astonish the world. This is not a case of giving

what we can spare. It is a case of giving until it hurts. Perhaps the old overcoat will keep you warm another winter, even if it is beginning to look shabby. Perhaps you can have your shoes resoled once more. Perhaps last winter's hat is still serviceable. If you can make the old things go, put the price of new ones into the War Relief Fund. Go without something which you would like but can dispense with in order that the boys at the front and in the camps and their dependents at home may have what they need.

GOD SPEED THE DAY

The Craftsman takes pleasure in presenting to every member of the Masonic Fraternity who has joined the colors of his country a copy of a letter written by Henry S. Ely of Cedar Rapids to a brave boy somewhere in the service of his country:

"To You, My Brother, Wherever You May Be:

"I do not know your name, 'tis true, nor who you are, nor what you do, nor whether you are large or small, or dark or fair, or short or tall. It matters not—I know that you are brave and strong. Your voice rings true. Your grip is firm. Your eye is clear. You represent what we hold dear. Were this not so, I feel somehow you would not be where you are now. You would not risk your life and more to fight a foe on foreign shore.

"You are the type of which we're proud. You tower four-square above the crowd. Your mind is clean. Your thoughts are high. You know no fear in earth or sky. Ten thousand kaisers could not force you not to steer an honest course. No threat nor bribe nor iron hand could make you heed a foul command. You loathe the thing that has been done by shameless, fiendish, obscene Hun. He does his work with unclean hands. Your code forbids what his demands.

"Thus do you stand before the world, and from your banner now unfurled your slogan gleams that all may see you fight for home and liberty—for home and those you love the best, for little babies in their nest, for mothers here, and those above, for sisters, sweethearts, wives whose love cries out in terror as they glance at bleeding Belgium, famished France.

"Go to it, son! God's on the job, and every heartache, every throb of agony in His good time will be avenged, and then sublime will come the joy of lasting peace when battles end and horrors cease. Meanwhile, America entire will watch and work with soul afire. A hundred million hearts will pray—Good luck, brave lad! God speed the day!"

NOBLE SENTIMENT

One of the noblest, most sincere expressions of faith that has come to our notice for many years is that contained in the annual Christmas Toast from the Grand Encampment Committee on Christmas Observance for 1917, of the Grand Commandery Knights Templar of Missouri. The loftiness of spirit and broadness of vision shown by the committee which prepared it speak well for the character of the Knights of Missouri. The communication follows:

"The time is rapidly closing in on a troubled and tragical era, when Christmas bells will bring us a sorrow almost untouched with joy. As the two or three Yuletides gone before this Christmas bids fair to be drenched in blood. To millions the merry bells will be but the echoes of a lost splendor which will deepen our own sense of misery and woe. If we are right-minded, we stand ashamed to even mention temporal concerns, and feel, as did the astronomer who, from a distant peak, watched through his telescope the conflagration which destroyed San Francisco, helpless and yet angry at his helplessness. We

sleep and wake with a feeling of awful expectancy. The days are pregnant with misgivings. We feel the prospects of a speedy end of the war are remote. This Christmas finds us participants in the world's greatest war bringing sorrow, despair, and death to the world's millions.

"Alas! that men with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red, with the blood they
shed,
In their lust for carnage blind!"

"Yet these awful days are scarcely more potentious of evil to come than were those which ushered in the brightness of Christ's Advent. At that time Rome's degradation and hopelessness was very apparent. Her might was humiliated and her majesty was obscured, and her scepter of universal sway was shaking in her loosening grasp. Greece had lost the secret of a spirit which can never yield its fruit to oblivion. The loss, intellectually and artistically, has not yet been made good. Civilization still waits for the perfect freedom of Greek imagination and embodiment which had declined ten thousand years ago. Such were the unmistakable evidences of the dark and gloomy days attending the coming of Christ to the world. Yet the energies of the past are by no means wasted. Systems pass out, under an ALL-Wise Providence, because their work is done. Rome and Greece, as empires of thought and will, lived their day, but they did not live in vain, neither did they utterly perish. Their valid elements, their culture, although inefficient for the expanding aims of humanity, inspired and gave birth to other schemes of national life more capable, and blossomed forth, as do the dead leaves of the cold winter in the flowers of June, in the soul of humanity.

"So, as the dark background of the coming Saviour of the world was but a vast sepulcher of departed splendor,

may not this day of bloodshed and disrupted society be the background for the coming of universal democracy, a nobler society, and a more lasting brotherhood? God grant that the rays of Christmas light may reach down through the sodden soil and dead leaves of human hate and selfish pride and again be incarnated in the life which bears the image of Him who created us!

"Christ came in the 'fulness of time' to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and to set at liberty those that are bruised. Have we, as his followers, not come to just such a day as this?—to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to bind up the wounds of the afflicted. Our words may be eclipsed by the bruit of war, our deeds obscured by the smoke of battle, but let us ever remember that the Christmas Spirit was born in obscurity and made His Advent unnoticed by the ruling powers of the world. Yet, that first Christmas marked the beginning of the world's philanthropy and benevolence. Let us, therefore, take heed of our obligation of true and practical brotherliness that it may not perish from the earth. And let us, as the various Commanderies of the State of Missouri, devise the best method in our particular community by which the Christmas spirit may be demonstrated.

"We, the Committee on Christmas Observance, express both faith and confidence in all Knights Templar under the Grand Commandery of Missouri, and under the Command of the Christ of Christmas, to do the Christian's part in a ministry of altruistic service for the alleviation of human suffering and the promotion of world peace by a league of the nations."

"What was the first prophetic word that rang

When down the starry sky the angels sang,
That night they came as envoys of the
Birth—

What word but peace, 'peace and good will on earth?'

And what was the last word the Master said

That parting night when they broke brother bread,

That night He knew men would not let Him live—

Oh, what but 'peace I leave' and 'peace I give?'

And yet behold; near twice a thousand years

And still the battle wrath, the grief, the tears.

Let mercy speed the hour when swords shall cease,

And men cry back to God, 'There shall be peace!'

NO DISCRIMINATION

That there is nothing so valuable as a "get-together movement" in the clearing up of discord and misunderstanding was proven conclusively by the results of the conference of executives of fraternities with the Secretary of War at Washington on October 29, called to discuss a constructive program by which the fraternities of America may co-operate with him in providing buildings and other facilities for the enjoyment of enlisted men at army camps and cantonments. Wm. S. Parks represented the Grand Master of Knights Templar, and I.P. Charles E. Ovenshire the Mystic Shrine.

After a general discussion, which lasted several hours, it was unanimously decided that it would be unwise to have buildings erected in the camps for the meeting of lodges of fraternal organizations for the conferring of degrees or doing secret work. The Secretary of War said: "Every society or order which desires to erect a building for social use in the camp is free to apply to the commanding officer, and he is free to grant permission if the land is available, for it is understood that they must, of course, take and abide by the judgment of the commanding of-

"SOMEWHERE AT SEA"

ficer as to that, and that the Secretary of War would be available for consideration of any injustice which might arise or be thought to have risen so far as such action on the part of the Secretary would not be an over-ruling of the discretion of the commanding officer."

The Secretary also stated that accredited representatives of the various societies would be accorded the privilege of going into the camps and cantonments to greet the boys, and invite them to the places provided for them without the camps.

During the discussion Raymond B. Fosdick, Chairman of the Committee on Training Camp Activities, made the statement that he had just received a message from the Grand Lodge of Masons of Massachusetts, offering to erect a gymnasium for Camp Devens, Mass. Mr. Fosdick stated that this would be accepted, and that there was need in several other camps for similar gymnasiums, as at Battle Creek, Yaphank, and Des Moines, no provisions had been made for athletic work during the winter.

"Somewhere At Sea"

A most interesting event occurred on a troopship carrying United States soldiers to France. "Somewhere at sea" 58 brethren formed "Saxonia Lodge, No. 1," and fraternally enjoyed a social hour or two. In the list we find the name of Bro. Hugh Wiley, Fort William Lodge, 415, Fort William, Ont.

The first lodge held on the high seas was formed under a warrant issued to Thomas Dunckerley in 1760, and it was held on H.M.S. "Vanguard" during her voyage across the Atlantic to take part in the siege of Quebec. Dunckerley also carried with him the authority of the Grand Lodge to regulate Masonic affairs in the newly-acquired Canadian Province. It is a curious coincidence that 157 years after that event a lodge should be held on board a ship bringing Canadians to the assistance of the English and French in the siege of Germany. Of the two blue-water lodges created

by Dunckerley, the one held on the "Vanguard" became the London Lodge, No. 108, constituted in London in 1768, and the lodge formed on H.M.S. "Prince" in 1762 and transferred to H.M.S. "Guadaloupe" in 1764, was berthed four years later in a "Private Room, Somerset House" (in which Dunckerley was then living), absorbed the Old Horn Lodge, original No. 4, in 1774, and is now the distinguished Royal Somerset House and Inverness Lodge, No. 4.

In commenting upon this event the editor of the Freemason of Toronto says that in 1884, when the Canadian contingent of voyageurs was crossing the ocean from Montreal to Alexandria, to assist in the relief of General Gordon, a lodge was improvised, and the ceremonies conducted in the hold of the transport ship conveying them. Colonel Kennedy, the Commander of the contingent, officiated as Master.



"That Man Miggs"

(By "One Pip," In the London Freemason)

GR-R-R-UMP! The earth trembled for a second or two at the concussion of the 5.9, and a singing whine over the trench caused two men sitting on upturned biscuit-boxes to bow their heads out of respect to a flying "nose-cap."

What looked like a bundle of cast-off khaki clothing lying on the fire-step moved, and a voice came from its midst: "What was that?"

"Someone in the shop," said O'Dowd, grinning.

"Better go and see what they want," added Jim Payton; "but, mind, they can't have no sugar unless they've got a ticket." The two men laughed, the bundle of clothing was convulsed, and Private Enoch Arthur Miggs sat up.

Those of kind speech and only used to the soft ways of peace would have contented themselves with saying that Private Miggs' face was his misfortune, and his mind an accident. But after his Company N.C.O.'s had put him through his paces, and watched his shortcomings with tender care, they took pains in informing him that his creation was a horrible blunder. He was pale, ferrety-eyed in appearance, and had an unruly mop of light ginger hair; something between a protuberance of dried grass and an emaciated Billekin is as near as one may get in a general description. By nature, inclination, and calling he was a grocer's assistant. He knew the ethics of a side of bacon, and called cheese by its Christian name. As a soldier he was "no bon." Only by accident did he ever do anything correctly, and was known in his Company Officer's Mess as "That Man Miggs"—which, to the initiated, is enlightenment.

When he first left his Reserve unit in England and joined his first-line Battalion in France, they were in "rest billets" behind the line, and it

was not until three weeks later that he first made his genuflexion to the Boche gunners. At the end of twelve hours he decided that war was a mistake, and by the end of a week he was a rabid peace-monger, and was making subtle inquiries as to the diseases necessary for P. H. S. or a C3 category.

As he sat on the fire-step, gazing at O'Dowd and Payton, and thinking of some original and highly personal reply to their banter, his Platoon Sergeant suddenly appeared round a bay: "Miggs," he said, "you're for patrol to-night."

Enoch felt as though someone had hit him, good and hard: "Oh!" he said, "am I?"

"Yes," snapped the man of three stripes and no heart; "you am; and don't sit there gaping at me."

"No," replied Miggs, looking away. "It is silly when there is so many other 'orrible sights about."

It was one of Enoch's rare flashes of wit, and for a moment there was silence, and then the sergeant spoke slowly: "Look 'ere, my lad," he said, "you ain't no George Alexander yourself, so 'ush it or it will be 'jankets' for you."

The Sergeant plugged away, and Miggs, drawing a water-proof sheet from O'Dowd's shoulders, curled himself up on the fire-step again, deciding that war was a bigger mistake even than he had imagined.

O'Dowd snatched his ground-sheet back, punched Miggs in the ribs, and questioned his parentage. But Enoch didn't move; he was wondering if he couldn't go sick before patrol time.

* * *

It was a sticky night, fine drizzle was falling, and the condition of the Somme mud around, where it was not shell holes, was a pale parody on the ground of a cattle market after a wet stock-sale day. Fritz, as usual, had

"THAT MAN MIGGS"

"the wind up" and was plastering heaven with star shells and the parapet with machine-gun bullets.

"What do I do, Sergeant?" croaked Miggs, as he crawled over the top.

"Whisper yer prayers, and then hold yer ruddy row," hissed the Sergeant. Silently the party crawled forward, turning themselves into hill-locks whenever a Boche star went up. At such times Miggs felt as conspicuous as a bottle of beer at a temperance meeting. Now he thought of all his sins of omission and substitution in the grocery business, besides the other sort committed on Sundays and half-holidays. A Boche star lasts at longest thirty seconds, and it was a wonder Miggs did not sustain a mental breakdown before morning.

After a prolonged argument with the upturned feet of a dead Boche, a protracted apology to a sand-bag for bumping into it, and a difference of opinion with a "hedgehog," in which the latter lacerated his hands and got the best of things with his trousers, Miggs suddenly discovered that the patrol had vanished into the swamp of night, and that he was lost in "No Man's Land." Then he became like unto over-diluted "calves' foot." He felt movement of some kind essential, and eventually crawled on.

"Wire," he muttered, "wire! If I had hold of the bloke as invented them 'hedgehogs' I'd slice him up into No. 2 rashers on the cutter."

For ten minutes he crawled round, alternately testing the barbs on stray bits of wire and the depth of the water in the bottom of shell holes. Then, as the German machine-guns were getting pretty busy, he felt it was waste of time to stay longer in the open, and made for his section of the British line.

With his "steel 'at" jammed down on his head, and his rifle and bayonet firmly grasped in his hand, he wriggled forward without the foggiest notion in which direction he was going. It may have been ten minutes, for Miggs still continued to test shell

holes, and it seemed to him like ten hours before he smelt tobacco smoke and heard muffled voices.

A wave of comfort filled him, and, crawling nearer, he "picked" his way into and out of a line of dilapidated wire, and although he felt like an old pin-cushion, a uniform rise in the ground told him he was on a parapet, and he felt safe.

Then the ground stopped short, but Enoch went on—or, rather, down—headlong into a trench. More with the idea of breaking his fall than anything else he gripped his bayonet tight and fell with its point downwards. He felt it enter something soft, and heard a groan. At the same moment a "whizz-bang" burst on the parapet and a star-light soared into the air.

The sight which met his eyes caused Miggs to wrench his bayonet free from its human billet and give a cry of terror. Five Germans lay around in varying attitudes of surprise, and the one from whose body he had withdrawn his bayonet was in the act of handing in his identification disk.

Wild thoughts raced through Enoch's mind. What brought these Boches into his trench? They must have raided it, and perhaps all his platoon were either dead or taken prisoners. His own hopes of life were, he felt, small. All the stories of German torture crowded into his brain; mental pictures of crucifixion and starvation passed before his vision; a frenzy of fear filled his mind. And then his brain calmed a little; at any rate, he would die game; the end, he felt convinced, would be the same in any case. With a "Bayonet Fighting Yell" he made a "long point" at one of the Germans and "got him." The Boche rolled over with a squeal. Not giving the remaining four time to collect themselves, Miggs sprang for the parapet, for a hope of escape from the terrible horrors his brain had conjured up suddenly possessed him.

Quick as he was, the Germans were before him in jumping out of the

trench, and as he scrambled out one of them stopped, and seizing his wrist "yanked" him out. Miggs now felt that further fight was useless, and, stupefied with fear, followed the four dim forms meekly.

Suddenly he heard shouting and saw the figures in front of him drop down into another trench. Here was the torture chamber. A horrible giddiness of fear came over him; he staggered, and fell forward fainting into the trench. He came to with the blinding glare of an electric torch shining on his face, and out of the surrounding darkness he heard his

Platoon Commander's voice speaking to his brother officer:

"It's That Man Miggs. Been out on the tiles and returned with four Boches. Jove! but he deserves a stripe, and I'll see he jolly well gets it. Miggs, you're a marvel."

The wit which had so often saved Miggs behind the counter gave a flicker with his returning consciousness: "It were only my simple dooty, Sir," he stammered, "my simple dooty; any of the other lads would have done it just the same."

He was probably right.

Some Mystery Religions

A paper on the subject of "Mystery Religions" was read before the members of the Fife and Kimross Past Masters' Association, by Bro. Rev. Walter McLeod, in which he sought to trace the connection of the Ancient Mysteries with modern Freemasonry. After giving an account of the chief Mystery Religions that spread through the Roman Empire in the early days of Christianity, he outlined the main ideas and practices, so far as known to us, connected with the names of Dionysus, Osiris, Mithra, and others, discussing the question of the possible descent of Freemasonry from any of them, and decided against it. In spirit, however, he suggested they were closely akin to Freemasonry. Their adherents were seekers after light; they formed

brotherhoods irrespective of rank and nationality; they sought to gain an assurance of immortality and so to be raised above the fear of death; in this assurance they professed to be confirmed by the death, and victory over death, of a hero or divine being, and their main ideas were lessons impressed upon them by Nature in her changing manifestations. Though Freemasonry, therefore, was not lineally descended from any one of them, yet it was a continuation, in higher and more enlightened ways, of the spirit they inculcated; so that, though its practices might be fairly modern, the great thoughts animating it might well be said to go back to time immemorial.

—London Freemason.



A Sketch of the Life and Character of Constantine the Great

By Geo. W. Warvelle, LL.D.

Knight Grand Cross, Past Grand Sovereign, Etc.

AS the reputed founder of the Imperial, Ecclesiastical and Military Order of the Red Cross, the name and memory of Constantine must ever command a certain degree of veneration from every true and loyal Knight Companion, and every incident connected with his life will always possess for them a peculiar interest. In this brochure the writer has endeavored to bring together a few of the salient features of the career of this remarkable and highly gifted man, believing that anything which tends to shed light upon the real or traditional history of the Order will be an acceptable addition to the meager literature now accessible to the average Knight. In its compilation free use has been made of such material as the subject affords and to the works of Eusebius, Gibbon, Milman and others, as well as to the writings of Wright and Little of our own Order, the writer is largely indebted for the recitals which follow. It has been the custom of most writers to present only the pleasing side of Constantine's character, to extol his virtues, condone his faults and suppress or gloss over the crimes he committed to encompass his ambitious and not always praiseworthy ends. Without exception, so far as the writer's observation has gone, this is true of all biographies written in the interest of the Red Cross Order and generally so of those which treat of the subject in connection with the Christian church. In this sketch the sober facts of history are given as they appear; the only province of the historian is to present the past as it was.

Caius Flavius Valerius Aurelius Claudius Constantinus, surnamed Magnus (the great), was born at Naissus (now Nissa) in Upper Mo-

esia, February, A.D. 272. His father, commonly called Constantius Chlorus, came from a noble Dalmatian family, but his mother, Helena, seems to have been a woman of humble extraction and unknown antecedents. When Constantine was ten years of age Diocletian, by the suffrage of the army, became emperor of the Roman dominions and thereupon associated with him Maximian, each assuming the title of Augustus. Six years later Galerius and Constantius were added to the government with the lesser title of Cæsar, and upon attaining this dignity Constantius was compelled to repudiate his marriage with Helena and espouse the daughter of Maximian.

The portion of the empire assigned to Constantius was the extreme west, including Spain, Gaul and Britain, but Constantine was detained at Rome as a hostage for his father's loyalty. Here he was carefully educated, although always an object of aversion to Maximian, and in due time entered the army, serving with such distinction under Diocletian that he was appointed a tribune of the first rank. His martial bearing and personal courage soon made him a favorite with the army, which excited the jealousy of the naturally suspicious Galerius, who, it is said, repeatedly exposed him to unusual hazards in the hope of having him killed, but the only effect was to strengthen in Constantine a natural wariness and discretion which often operated to his advantage later in life.

In 305 Diocletian abdicated the throne, compelling the unwilling Maximian to follow his example, and thereby Constantius and Galerius succeeded to supreme rank and became the emperors or Augusti. Constantine, by birth and training, was entitled to be advanced to the dignity of

Cæsar, but Galerius refused to nominate him and his father did not dare to bestow the office upon him while he remained at what was virtually a hostile court. Hence, Severus and Maximin were chosen. Apprehensive for his own safety, Constantine now endeavored to join his father in the west, but it was only after repeated requests from his colleague that Galerius gave a reluctant consent to such a course. Indeed, there is ground for supposing that the consent was given only to be recalled, but Constantine, acting with the utmost promptitude, at once set out upon his journey and reached his father just as he was embarking at Boulougne to suppress a revolt in Britain. In this he was successful, but died, immediately after achieving victory, at York (Eboracum), England, in the year 306. This event marked the turning point in Constantine's career. By the enthusiastic acclamations of the army he was immediately proclaimed Augustus, a dignity he accepted with feigned reluctance that he might not incur the active enmity of Galerius, to whom he at once directed a letter expressing his regret in being compelled by circumstances to assume the purple before receiving the imperial sanction. Galerius, however, refused to recognize his succession and conferred the office on Severus, allowing Constantine only the title of Cæsar. To this arrangement he apparently consented, but continued to govern the provinces which had been assigned his father, pursuing the same vigorous policy which his father had inaugurated and demonstrating by repeated victories over the barbarians beyond the frontier his prowess and ability as a military leader. He promoted the internal prosperity of the country by a confirmation of his father's tolerant policy toward religious sects and won the esteem of his subjects by a mild yet wise government.

The events of the next ensuing few years demonstrated the utter insta-

bility of the plan devised by Diocletian for the partition of power among Augusti and Cæsars. While nominally colleagues in a common enterprise, they were, in reality, rival princes plotting and counterplotting for sole supremacy, and this condition of affairs continued until the final concentration of all authority in Constantine.

About 307 Maxentius, son of Maximian, induced his father to emerge from his retirement and again assume the purple, he taking for himself the title of Cæsar, while Maximian, to secure the friendship of Constantine, gave to him in marriage his daughter Fausta and caused him to be proclaimed Augustus. In the meantime, Severus having been murdered, Galerius made his friend Licinus emperor, and thus six rulers struggled for supremacy in the Roman empire.

While prudence, no less than family ties, should have dictated to Maxentius the policy of preserving friendly relations with Constantine, yet his ambition mastered his judgment and intoxicated with power he proclaimed himself emperor of all the west. Being supported by the prætorian guards he forced his father to leave Rome and ultimately to seek refuge at the court of his son-in-law, where for the second time he resigned the purple and affected to have no further desire for power. But during the absence of his protector he again attempted to resume imperial dignity and to incite a mutiny in his own favor. Upon learning of this, Constantine, with his usual promptitude and decision, assembled his army and pursuing Maximian overtook him at Marselles, where he was permitted to avoid the humiliation of a public execution by taking his own life.

The death of Maximian was used by Maxentius as a pretext for hostile measures which Constantine, unwilling to engage in war, ignored as long as safety would permit, but when Maxentius prepared to invade Gaul he anticipated him by rapidly crossing

the Alps and entering Italy at the head of a well disciplined army. Defeating the forces of Maxentius at Susa, Turin and Verona he hastened toward Rome and in fifty-eight days after the capture of Verona found himself at Saxa Rubra, on the Cremera, a small stream about nine miles from Rome, where Maxentius lay entrenched in great force. It is said that Maxentius had with difficulty been roused to a sense of his danger and would not have taken the field in person had it not been for the clamor of the populace, and that, superstitious as he was cowardly, before he would attempt the fortunes of war he first consulted the Sibylline books, receiving, however, from their custodians a vague reply which, like the utterances of the oracle, could be interpreted to suit the event, whatever it might be. On October 28, A.D. 312, he met the forces of Constantine in a decisive engagement; his army, though superior in numbers, was utterly routed with great carnage, while Maxentius himself, in attempting to make his escape over the Milvian bridge, was pressed by the throng into the river and drowned.

It was just prior to this victory that the celebrated incident is said to have occurred which resulted in the conversion of Constantine to the Christian faith and the establishment of the Imperial Order of the Red Cross. The story is told with many variations in detail by a number of writers, but in substance it is that on the afternoon before the battle Constantine saw in the sky, just beneath the sun, a pillar of light in the form of a cross, or as related by some, the combined Chi and Rho forming the sacred monogram, and that in the night a heavenly messenger appeared to him in a vision commanding him to take that sign for his standard and promising him that by that sign he should conquer. The story has been accented with implicit faith by many as it has also been doubted and denied by others, and will ever remain the

most interesting as well as the most disputed incident in the life of this illustrious man.

By the victory of the Milvian bridge Constantine became the sole emperor of the west. He entered Rome a conqueror; a pliant senate rendered him homage and assigned him the first rank among the remaining Augusti, while to complete his imperial dignity he assumed the ancient title of Pontifex Maximus. Although he remained at Rome but a few weeks, he seems to have introduced a number of needed reforms, and among other things disbanded the prætorian guards and destroyed their camp. To secure the fruits of victory and effectually discourage insurrection, he slew the two sons and more intimate favorites of his fallen rival Maxentius, but this, we are told, was but in keeping with the rude spirit of the times, while his conduct, as described by one of his biographers, was "marked on the whole by wisdom and moderation."

As the empire of the west was now in the dominion of one monarch, so a like condition came to prevail in the east. Galerius had died in 311 and a war ensued between his survivors, Maximin and Licinius, which finally resulted in the death of the former. Licinius then ruled in the east as Constantine did in the west and in order to cement the friendship of the two monarchs Licinius espoused Constantine's sister, Constantia, the marriage being celebrated with great pomp at Milan in March, 313. But even this was not sufficiently potent to preserve peace, for in a little more than a year thereafter, for some cause not now known, or possibly for no cause, the two emperors were engaged in a war which was concluded only by the dismemberment of part of Licinius' territory. For nine years succeeding there was a truce, during which the power of Constantine augmented in the same ratio as that of his rival declined, and then came the inevitable struggle for supremacy. In 323 the

emperors were again engaged in conflict, but the origin of the war, like that of the previous one in 314, is obscure or unknown. Indeed, it is thought probable that Constantine, having determined to make himself master of the world, did not wait for provocation but made a *casus belli* for himself. At all events, the war was conducted with all of Constantine's old time vigor and promptitude and in a series of brilliant engagements Licinius was totally defeated. His wife, sister of Constantine, now interceded with the latter for her husband's life, which the conqueror promised to spare; but the promise was not kept, for the year following Licinius was put to death by the orders of Constantine at Thessalonica, the place to which he had been exiled. The panegyrists of Constantine have sought many excuses for this apparently cold blooded and deliberate murder, but the verdict of history seems to make it an inefaceable blot upon his memory.

And now the ambitious dreams of Constantine were fulfilled, for with the conquest of Licinius the whole imperial power of the Roman dominions devolved upon him and thenceforth he ruled both the east and the west. His wise statesmanship and keen insight enabled him to hold the possessions thus acquired in comparative security and the remainder of his reign was free from internal commotion or external violence.

The balance of his life was devoted to plans for the perpetuation of his empire as well as his own fame. He established Christianity as the state religion; called several church councils, including the celebrated convocation at Nicæa (A.D. 325); founded a new capital for the empire on the site of Byzantium (A.D. 328) to which he gave his own name, though it would seem that the intention of the founder was to designate it as "New Rome," and by this latter name it is still officially known in the orthodox eastern church. In the year 325 he visited

Rome for the purpose of formally celebrating the twentieth anniversary of his succession to the purple, and here again the historian discovers a foul stain upon his character. It seems that during the festivities his eldest son, Crispus, was accused of some offence, the precise character of which is not fully apparent from the confused and contradictory accounts which have been transmitted to us. The accusation was made by Fausta, the second wife of Constantine, and resulted in the banishment of Crispus to Pola, where he was put to death. Included in the charge were Licinius, the emperor's nephew, and a number of courtiers, all of whom suffered the same fate. It is further related that Constantine, discovering too late that the charge was false, then wreaked his vengeance on the unfortunate Fausta by causing her to be suffocated in her bath. These multiple tragedies filled the minds of the people with consternation and forebodings. The emperor became very unpopular and soon after left Rome, never to return.

His closing years were passed at the new Rome which he had erected on the Bosphorus, and on May 22, A.D. 337, being then about sixty-four years of age, after a brief illness, he expired at Nicomedia, receiving on his death-bed a Christian baptism at the hands of the Arian bishop, Eusebius.

* * *

It is difficult to arrive at a just estimate of the character of this celebrated man. Fancy and fable have been freely employed by many of his biographers and he has been extolled as the devout and pious protector of the infant church. That he did protect the church is an historical fact; that he was either devout or pious is greatly to be doubted. Aside from the fact that on his conquest of Maxentius he permitted freedom of religion, and at a later period virtually recognized Christianity as the state religion, there is no evidence that he was a convert himself, and

the circumstance that he received baptism only when on his death bed indicates that he had made no prior avowal of faith. It is true that a number of Roman Catholic writers assert that he received baptism at Rome in the year 326 from Pope Sylvester, and at the same time endowed that pontiff with temporal dominion, but the assertions are wholly without historical foundation. Indeed, it would seem that Constantine remained during the greater portion of his life strongly tinctured with the old heathen faiths and superstitions and that his recognition of Christianity was induced by political rather than personal motives.

It is contended, however, that the fact of deferring baptism until the approach of death was due not to a disbelief of Christianity but, in view of the then prevalent doctrine that baptism washed away all prior sins, was simply postponed until the last hour in order that the purifying act might wipe out all the sins of a lifetime. It is certain, however, that his coins, in many instances, bore the name of Apollo as well as the emblem of Christ, and that on important occasions he would order the soothsayers (*haruspices*) to be consulted with respect to the omens. From the time of the council of Nicæa (A.D. 325) his interest in Christianity becomes more marked, but it is thought that he was at best only half Christian, half heathen, and combined the worship of Christ with that of Apollo.

It has been said, that Constantine stands, as it were, on the dividing line of two worlds, the ancient and the modern—the Pagan and the Christian; that he was born and educated within the former; that he acted and died within the latter. Hence, it is contended, it is not possible to judge him wholly from the standpoint of either. While his mind may have understood the exalted truths of Christianity, and while he may have accurately measured the benefits which they promised to humanity, his heart

remained pagan and never cast off the impressions, traditions and customs of the old religion.

* * *

It has been further said, that Constantine was entitled to be called "great" in virtue rather of what he did than of what he was, and that, tested by character, he stands among the lowest of all those to whom the epithet has been applied, either in ancient or modern times. His biographers all unite in ascribing to him personal courage of a high order, promptitude and decision in the execution of his plans, and a political sagacity that has seldom been excelled. His religious tolerance, which he exhibited throughout his life, was certainly a praiseworthy trait of character, particularly in view of the times, but we look in vain for those generous sentiments which distinguish the truly great. There are, indeed, some traces of this during early life, but as he advanced in power these disappear, and while we might have pardoned the execution of the aged Maximian as a military measure, we turn with loathing from the murders of the son and intimates of the fallen Maxentius, the treacherous treatment of the captive Licinius, the atrocities attending the execution of his son, Crispus, and his nephew, Licinius, and the other bloody tragedies which stain the record of his later years.

But if we regard only his achievements; his campaigns and conquests as a military leader, his administration as a statesman, and the results which have flowed from them, then we may truly say that he stands among the first of those who have ever won or worn the title of "great." The political system which he inaugurated preserved the eastern empire for a thousand years after his death, and has left its impress upon all civilized nations even to the present day, while the system of religion which he rescued from the condition of a proscribed heresy, by the impulse which

he imparted, became the dominating thought of the world.

* * *

Among the traditions which attend the memory and cluster around the name of Constantine, is that which ascribes to him the institution of the Order of the Red Cross. The accepted legend is that immediately after his vision he caused to be constructed a standard resembling the "sign" which he had seen upon the sky and to which was given the name "Labarum." This standard, it is said, was entrusted to the care of fifty picked men of known valor and fidelity, whose station was marked with honors and emoluments. This detail of guards was then permanently established as an order and from this circumstance is traced our present organization. The fact of Constantine's assumption of the cross as an heraldic ensign is further cited as a striking illustration of the reality of his conversion to the Christian faith.

Unfortunately, however, there is no evidence to support the statement that Constantine, either at or immediately after the time of his engagement with Maxentius, adopted the cross as his distinguishing symbol, while such historical data as we have quite conclusively indicates that the Labarum did not come into use as a standard until about twenty years

later. It is by no means improbable that a special guard was detailed to carry and protect the standard when it finally became an ensign to be borne at the head of the legions, and that it possessed a religious significance would be an additional reason for some sort of organization of this guard. But this is as far as legitimate conjecture may go. It is certain that the guard was not an order, in the sense in which that term is now understood, and it is idle to look for any of the special features of chivalric orders prior to the twelfth century.

The Constantinian legend bears about the same relation to the Order of the Red Cross that the Arthurian legends do to the Order of the Garter. Neither is susceptible of demonstration and they are now regarded by scholars and critics simply as pleasing myths. Nor is it at all essential to the value or effectiveness of the Order as a social, moral and intellectual force, that it should, in fact, have a direct connection either with Constantine or his time. There is but little that is edifying to be gathered from that age of turbulence, violence and oppression, and if we regard the Constantinian legend not as an historical fact, but simply as a symbol, we shall relieve the subject from whatever difficulty or embarrassment may now seem to attend it.



A Prayer for Venice

"The Austro-German Troops are advancing
on Venice."



Stay thou, O Master of the Human Kind,
The devastating hand of vandals black
Who in their flaming rage, to honor, blind,
Leave wreck and ruin in their ashen track,
And hold them from that City by the Sea,
And save from their obscene, profaning, clutch
That fair abode of Song and Mystery
Made glorious by Tintoretto's touch.

Into the scale of war thrown Thine own sword
Lest this fair stretch, athrill with pure romance,
Shall suffer from the vile predacious horde
That scarred the fields of Belgium and France.
Protect from ravening Hun, with drooling jaw
For Beauty's ravishment, this silvery space,
And from the brute whose lawlessness is law
Hold Thou secure these storied Stones of Grace.

Let Emperors, and tyrant monarchs all,
Let Kings who've plunged a struck-world into pain,
Betrayed by their own Selfishnesses fall
Into the welter of ambitions vain,
But from the touch of vandal hands impure,
From all licentiousness and things unclean,
Hold Thou in sacred beauty all secure
VENETIA, the Adriatic Queen!

Charity, the Greatest Masonic Virtue

LITTLE over nineteen centuries ago there took place a heated controversy or a spirited clashing between a Galilean wonder-worker and certain disciples of Jesus of Nazareth. Not being an impostor, the man had, in all probability, been doing some mighty works of benevolence, in the course of which he had been using the name of Jesus. Thinking that only they had the exclusive right to the use of that name in their miracles, the disciples forbade the man. When Jesus heard about the controversy, this is the way He disposed of the case: "Forbid him not, for there is no man who shall do a mighty work in my name, and be able quickly to speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is for us." Here is a notable instance of **large-heartedness**, which was the result of His unlimited charity, the greatest Masonic virtue and the first Christian grace. The legend "Our soda is at cold as charity" was seen on a large sign-board in front of an ice-cream and soda-water parlor at a pleasure resort last summer. Now, as a matter of fact, charity is warm-hearted, not cold. Bring that disposition which makes its possessor to put the best possible interpretation on the words and deeds of others, it has been properly named the bond of perfection, the keystone of the main arch in the temple man is engaged to build. The kind of charity embodied by Jesus and practised by the Masons all over the world is neither sentimental nor blind. It is not the kind of charity that fills the prison-cell of a convicted criminal with flowers and candy and novels and nonsensical letters. It is kind without being mushy or gushy. It is soft-hearted but not soft-headed: sympathetic without being silly and untruthful. Punctiliously truthful, it throws its own mantle (of charity)

over the undraped sins of the penitent wrongdoer, whenever, wherever and as far as possible. An emperor of Rome with a scar on his right temple, that marred his good looks, was anxious to have his portrait taken without that disfiguring scar. After many attempts an artist produced an acceptable portrait, which represented the emperor sitting in his throne and leaning on his right elbow, one of his fingers covering that ugly scar. Verily, charity covereth a multitude of sins.

Masonic charity is due not only to large-heartedness, but also to the conviction of the **essential oneness** of mankind. Masonry, like genuine Christianity, never narrows itself down to one race or nationality. Universal is its appeal. "That they all might be one" is the burden of its heartfelt prayer. It does not determine a man's worth by the length of his pedigree or the height of his genealogical tree, the color of his skin or of his blood, the fatness of his bank-book, the size of his hat-band, the loudness of his psalm-singing or the sound of his pretensions to knowledge and wisdom. The motives, the heart, the ruling principles, the inner life—these are the determining factors.

The chief Masonic virtue is one of **tenderness**, as it is of firmness and strength. Not a harsh note mars its sweet music. Stern and strong it is in its fiery denunciations of hypocrisy, oppression, injustice and religious shallowness. But it is the embodiment of tenderness toward the oppressed, the under-dog and the out-cast. As a mother stills her child, it soothes the wounded and aching heart. One story out of a multitude clustered around the head sublime of the peerless Nazarene may serve as an illustration. The Scribes and Pharisees had brought to Him a wo-

CHARITY, THE GREATEST MASONIC VIRTUE

man of the streets for His judgment. She must be stoned to death, said the Mosaic law, as she had been caught "red-handed." That is how her prosecutors stated the case. What had **He** to say? The law of Moses was unbending, uncompromising; whereas, the law of charity, personified and interpreted by Jesus, was tender and flexible—and compassionate. He did not pronounce the expected death sentence, but stooped down and, with His finger, began to write in the sand, as though He neither saw nor heard the accusers of this poor, unfortunate, ignorant and trembling woman before Him. When these self-appointed guardians of public morality insisted on His passing the death sentence, He merely lifted Himself up and deliberately said, "He that is without sin, let him first cast a stone at her." And every one, "beginning at the eldest, even unto the last," slunk away like a whipped cur, not having the courage to cast that stone. "If your accusers cannot condemn you, neither do I condemn you; go and sin no more" was the verdict of the Man of Ineffable Tenderness and Exhaustless Charity.

What the Master wrote on the sand no one knows. But the late Prof. Caspar René Gregory tells us his own idea as to what the Master wrote. When He began to write, the oldest Pharisee, named Eldad, looked down to see the writing, and this is what he saw: "Eldad stole a house from Bildad's widow." "Yes," he said to himself, "long ago under the protection of the law, I did steal Bildad's house. I had no moral right to it. Yet the law gave me the deed of the house. I defrauded his widow. How can I, an unconfessed thief in the sight of God, stone an adulteress?" When Jesus stooped down again to resume His writing, the second oldest Pharisee, named Nahum, was anxious to see the writing in the sand. "Nahum slew Azidad in the desert," was what he read. "Yes, long, long ago, in a desert place I did murder a friend of mine named Azidad. God and I

only know of the fell deed. How dare I, a miserable, unrepentant murderer, stone this woman to death?" And so, he, too, took his departure. And Jesus went on writing the names and the foul deeds of the men before Him, disclosing, as it were, the hideous skeletons hidden away in their unseen, dark closets. When they were all gone, the Master said to the woman:

"Woman, where are your accusers? Has no man condemned you?"

"No man, Lord."

"Neither do I condemn you. Go and sin no more."

His large-heartedness, broad-mindedness, limitless charity, tenderness and compassion did it.

Can the Master Masons do a noble deed like that? They can, and they are expected to. The tenets of their "profession" require its doing, not as an exceptional but as a habitual deed. It is the greatest virtue, the crowning glory, of their speculative philosophy and practice. A rigid, candid, exhaustive and fearless self-examination is sure to lead them to practise charity to the best of their ability. Their words of self-examination may be formulated as those of Bishop Frederick Temple, thus: "Am I really what I ought to be? Am I what, in the bottom of my heart, I honestly wish to be? Am I living a life at all what I myself approve? My secret nature, the true complexion of my character, is hidden from all men, and only I know it. Is it such as should be willing to show? Is my soul at all like what my kindest and most intimate friends believe? Is my heart at all such as I should wish the Searcher of Hearts to judge me by? Is every year adding to my devotion, unselfishness, conscientiousness and to my freedom from the hypocrisy of seeming so much better than I am? When I compare myself with last year, am I more ready to surrender myself at the call of duty? Am I more alive to the commands of conscience? Have I shaken off my besetting sins?"

Haig Adadourian.

Why French Masonry Is Not Recognized

[By Owen Scott, P. G. M. Of Illinois]

In view of the great war there is a tendency, in certain quarters, to loosen up the requirements for recognition of spurious brands of Masonry. This is especially so regarding France. There is, and has ever been, a most tender friendship between the people of the United States and those of the land of Lafayette. In the days of the dire distress of the American colonies in their struggle for freedom from the oppression of England, this valiant Frenchman came nobly to the rescue. France having thrown off the shackles of royalty and become a republic, there is warm friendship and sympathy on the part of this country toward popular government in that land.

Again, in the present gigantic struggle for world freedom, the two greatest republics are in closest relation. They are fighting side by side to make "the whole world safe for democracy."

As far away as 1869, the governing body of Masons in France violated one of the fundamentals of Masonic regularity. The jurisdiction of a sovereign and independent American Masonic body was invaded by the establishment of Lodges in Louisiana under the obedience of the Grand Orient of France. This was sufficient ground for American Grand Lodges to declare non-intercourse with France.

There was another and more serious reason for pronouncing French Masonry illegitimate and clandestine. In 1877 the Grand Orient, the governing body in France, amended its constitution so that recognition of, or belief in God was eliminated. At the same time the Bible was removed from the altars of Lodges in that jurisdiction. This most vital fundamental gone, there was nothing of the Ancient Craft left. In that country Masonry became a mere association for ethical and political purposes.

Since then all Grand Lodges, retaining any shadow of claim to adherence to the great fraternal principles of Masonry, have withdrawn Masonic fellowship from the emasculated institution.

Italy, Spain, Portugal, Greece, Switzerland, Central and South America followed in the atheistic wake of France. This Latin group is insignificant in point of numbers and influence. There are in them all but about 60,000 members, less than half the number of Masons in Illinois.

Excepting Holland and the Grand Lodges of Great Britain, there is no legitimate Masonry in Europe, with the possible exception of sporadic Lodges chartered by the British Grand Bodies.

The danger in a great crisis in world affairs like the present, is that men may be swent off their feet and the old institutions made to occupy a position that when reason rules would not be tolerated or even considered.

Just prior to the beginning of the great war now devastating the earth, there was an attempt made to organize a legitimate Masonic Grand Lodge. This was known as the National Grand Lodge of France. It was so insignificant in its genesis that it promised little in restoring Gallic Masonry to its good standing throughout the fraternal world. In fact this new venture was more English than French in its inception and methods of organization. The truth, therefore, remains that in no part of Europe, except England, Ireland, Scotland and Holland, is there any legitimate Masonry.

In other parts of Europe, especially in Germany, Russia, Switzerland, Italy and Turkey, so-called Masonic Lodges are mere political and social clubs, sailing under the respectable guise of Freemasonry.

Impressions By The Way

Some people want credit for everything they do, and are ever ready to take credit for some things that are accomplished, whether or not they may have had a part in them. The whole purpose of this is to place people under obligations to them, and it will not be long until these self-conscious individuals will ask a return of the favor. When a service is done for a friend, it is not necessary to go to him and apprise him of the fact. Neither is it advisable to mingle among other people, boasting of what has been secured. Real friendship always looks upon such manifestations with suspicion and many ties have been severed because of the fear that an ulterior motive prompted the boasted friendship. The key word of Freemasonry is "Service"—unselfish service. By this is meant that we are to do what we can for one another in a kindly, friendly way, not with a hope of reward, but because we feel better in our own minds and souls when we have done something for someone else. The real Mason doesn't want credit or publicity for that which he does for others. The satisfaction he feels in his own soul is his best reward.

One of the most pathetic things in the Masonic experiences of the writer is the way and manner in which good Masons will barter their honor and sell their souls for a paltry job in the Grand Lodge. In a great Masonic organization such as ours, there will always be divided camps, in which individuals of strong personality will surround themselves with those who are attracted to them. Just before every election in the Grand Lodge there is always an aligning of forces, which is natural and as it should be. It would be very unfortunate for Freemasonry if there were so little

interest in the institution that a few were allowed to control the destinies of the fraternity without interruption. But the unfortunate thing about it all is that some Masons with an India rubber backbone try to be all things to all men, and invariably get into trouble, because neither faction has confidence in them. In Grand Lodge elections, Masons have been known to be carrying water on both shoulders, and to have pledged themselves to so many obligations that it is impossible to fulfill any of them. Such a rule of conduct invites suspicion and disrespect, and can but result in an absolute loss of confidence on the part of those who are acquainted with the circumstance. Masonry teaches men to be four-square to the world. The best way to get an office in the Grand Lodge is to be for somebody and do something for Masonry, forgetting all about the petty office, but seeking in the best possible manner to serve mankind, and the craft. A vacillating policy never got any man anything and it never will.

Why can't we all grow old gracefully? Some men as the years advance on them grow crusty, ugly in disposition, selfish, forgetful of friends, and abusive of the world. I met a man the other day who was approaching sixty years of age, who had about the meanest disposition that God Almighty ever planted in a human being. He was snappy and snarly, and had a good word for no one. The people who worked for him detested him. The people who bought goods from him said they wouldn't do it if they could get them any place else, and the man was simply a human bull dog in a kennel, and people kept as far away from him as possible. Some day this man is going to retire from business, and the question is what will he do with his time. They

won't want him at the club. His wife won't want him at home. The hotels won't want him because they like to have pleasant people around. So about the only thing he can do is to shut himself in a room, and play solitaire. Let it be said that this man is not a Mason. We have in Freemasonry a lot of sweet old men, who are of a happy, genial disposition and who are approaching the sunset of life with a radiant smile and a firm trust in the future. Why? Because they have caught the spirit of Freemasonry, which has softened their hearts, made radiant their souls and so in the evening of life they are happy in the thought of a well-spent life and the association of true friends.

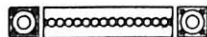
There are a lot of us who are wasting a good deal of energy in cussing the other fellow, because he doesn't live up to his obligations, Masonic and otherwise, and it is quite reasonable to presume that the other fellow is regarding us, and doing the very same thing. But there is a phase of this question which is not always considered. The business of every Mason is first of all to take care of his faith, and be faithful to the obligations which he has assumed. Before he becomes suspicious of the other fellow, and enters complaint, he must, to be consistent, have reached that

point where he himself can cast the first stone without fear. Having reached that point, he is then in a position to criticize the other fellow concerning his short comings. But here enters a new obligation, which most Masons seem to forget all about. In watching the conduct of the other fellow, and becoming convinced that he is untrue to his own vows, then the real genuine duty of Masonry confronts us, and which should send us remonstrating to him, kindly and gently, not once but a dozen times if necessary. Failing to awaken him to a sense of his responsibility and causing him to change his attitude toward society, then there is but one thing to do, and that is to go and consult someone in authority, see that charges are preferred and then appear as the principal witness. We Masons do a lot of chanting hymns, reciting rituals, and saying prayers. We talk feelingly of brotherly love, and all that sort of thing, but somehow when we see evil camped on the doorstep of our brother, we lift no voice of protest and calmly lull ourselves to sleep, feeling that we are secure in our own imagined goodness. Let us not judge our brother until we are ready to be judged. Then be ever ready to do our full duty.

—Illinois Freemason.

A BOOMERANG

"When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
After passing of a cloud,
When a bit of laughter gits ye,
An' ye spine is feelin' proud,
Don't ferg't to up and fling it
At a soul that's feelin' blue;
For the minit that ye sling it,
It's a boomerang to you."



What Others Say

For the first time in its history the Grand Lodge of Illinois has elected as its Grand Master a real farmer. The present Grand Master has spent his entire life on the farm, actively engaged in tilling the soil, cultivating the crop, and reaping the harvest.

It is growing to be quite the custom among lodges for members to deposit their picture and biography with the secretary. This is a most excellent thing, and the practice ought to become universal. In many ways data of this kind will prove of great value.

In the State of Massachusetts the Masonic lodges have no number. They are all known by some name, and this is as it should be. In Illinois very often we hear lodges designated by a number, which is meaningless and absolutely without identification.

—Illinois Freemason.

The patriotic response of the officers of Geneva Lodge, No. 139, A. F. & A. M., of Geneva, Ill., to Uncle Sam's call for young men for the nation's armies, leaves the lodge without a Master or Senior or Junior Warden, a most unusual situation, requiring action by the Grand Master, Ralph H. Wheeler, who granted a special dispensation for an election of new officers.

On Sept. 1, 1917, the total membership of all the Masonic lodges in England was 211,000.

English Freemasons are proud of the fact that, in the present war of great strain and stress, the Senior Grand Warden's chair in Grand Lodge is filled by one of the busiest men in public life—the Food Controller, Bro. Lord Rhondda; and the Junior Grand Warden's chair by one who is doing such excellent work in military service, Bro. Sir Francis Lloyd.

Attendance

In these days of stress, consequent upon war conditions, many of the younger members of the Craft being "somewhere in France" or actively engaged in military service at home, lodge attendance is seriously menaced. This is particularly noticeable in the Royal Arch and the higher bodies, and if we are to "keep the old flag flying" and the "home fires burning" it is up to the brethren beyond military age to attend regularly, and by their presence demonstrate their love for the Craft. In this connection may we hope that the Past Masters, the Past First Principals and Past Preceptors that have had all the honors and were the recipients of costly jewels, will set an example by attending at least occasionally, so that their brethren will know that they are still alive.

—The Freemason, Toronto.

No Commercialism in Masonry

The United States government is quick to call down the man who attempts to use the Flag as a means of advertising his business. The Flag stands for something that must never be commercialized, and so should Masonry. Some men seek admission to further their ambitions or increase business, but they mask their intentions and come to the door as real humble seekers of light. A few callous souls, however, would if they could, openly use Masonry as a lever to roll their logs. They would get the biggest pins diligent search could locate, use the fraternal emblems freely on their stationery, and make direct personal appeals on the strength of Masonic membership to the limit.

They look upon Masonry to give them undue privileges or to grant immunity when desired. Their ideas of fraternalism are entirely materialistic.

To the glory of Masonry it may truly be said that, considering the opportunities, there is comparatively little of this prostitution of Masonry.

How Germans Tried To "Use" Masons

Evidence of a plot to paralyze the postal system of the United States, and at the same time carry on insidious German propaganda, is now in possession of the United States secret service.

The headquarters of the agents directing this plot is believed to be in the Back Bay section of Boston. Proof pointing to Boston's fashionable section was found in the latest letter these German agents have sent out.

This letter, believed to have been printed by the thousands, has been sent broadcast over the country in the last few days. The recipient is asked to copy the printed form and to mail at least one copy to "Friends of immediate peace."

Federal officials lay to these German agents the several "prayer" letters which have made their appearance since the United States entered the war.

The first of these was confined to Masons, but the efforts of propagandists were nipped in the bud by prominent Masons throughout the country. C. W. Jennings, editor of the *Masonic Standard*, published a vigorous protest against the prostitution of the fraternity for such purposes.

That the letter was not started by a Mason was obvious from the fact that it contained what purported to be a "prayer said by Masons of old." Such a prayer was never used by Masons as Masons and theologians in the order said the prayer was a novel one to them. The "prayer" was prefaced by the statement that all who would write the letter and mail it to nine friends would be the immediate beneficiaries of the goodness of providence, and that those who broke the chain would meet with dire misfortune.

After the Masons ended this endless chain the same letter, with variations, but with the same threat of divine wrath for those who broke the chain, made its appearance in other fraternities. Within the last month this identical "prayer," which five and six months ago was attributed to "Masons of old," has been in circulation among Catholics, who are told that this was a prayer said by "Catholics of old."

"There is no doubt in my mind that all these letters were first sent out by German propagandists with the idea of cluttering up the mails," said a federal official.

"This latest letter of the German propagandists is not only in violation of the postal laws, but it is a violation of the 'espionage act' and all persons who copy it and mail it to immediate friends of peace or anyone else, are liable to 20 years' imprisonment and a fine of \$10,000."

The Soul of Masonry

True Masonry is the art of living harmoniously, living fully. Any circle that involves the senses and leaves the soul untouched carries within itself the germs of early decay. Without the mental and spiritual culture which Masonry bestows there can be no permanent civic or national life. No man can be called civilized who does not instinctively love the beautiful. Thought and Masonry walk hand in hand with Love and Beauty. Masonry means the experiencing of the best. It is a refining process by which man is equipped to mingle his inner self with all the choicest things in the material and immaterial universes. It quickens the apprehension of man's superiority and lends to his nature the glamour of ideal aspirations.

—Masonic Journal of South Africa.



SAMUEL W. McCALL

Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and a Mason

Note and News

The man who made "The Cork Leg" famous, among other songs, during the long years while he was one of the pre-eminent mirthmakers of the American stage, has wished many times during the past two years that his own legs were as easy to repair as cork legs are. At the Emerson Hospital, out at Forest Hills, Henry Clay Barnabee, who passed his 84th birthday on Nov. 14, is slowly recovering from the effects of a fractured hip. Two years ago he suffered a similar accident, the other leg being the victim that time. Mr. Barnabee, still hale and hearty in spirit, is enough of an optimist to believe that he has had his share of broken legs and that he will travel the rest of his journey without tripping and falling on the way. The accident which brought him to the hospital this time occurred in September at his home, 16 Roanoke avenue, Jamaica Plain.

Speaking of the date of his birth, Mr. Barnabee naively remarks in his charming autobiography that it occurred on the very next day after Edwin Booth was born, "another exemplification of the ancient proverb that mirth follows at the heels of tragedy." The interesting event occurred at Portsmouth, N. H., where the elder Barnabee was a tavern keeper. Henry Clay Barnabee was getting into middle life before he entered on the professional career that proved such a remarkable success, but through his youth and young manhood, while he earned his daily bread as a dry goods salesman, first in Portsmouth and then in Boston, he was singing very industriously in church choirs and at entertainments. Then came the Bostonians and the Boston Ideals—and when shall we look on their like again?

Bro. Barnabee has been a member of Columbian Lodge since March 2, 1865 and is therefore the possessor of a Henry Price medal—awarded to Masons after fifty years' membership.

There were several rare incidents during the annual election and installation in Washington Masonic Lodge, Roxbury, on Nov. 1. A span of 54 years was represented by Anthony B. Shaw, who was admitted in 1863,

and has rarely missed an annual communication since then, although now 92 years old. Charles E. Calder received a Henry Price medal in honor of his 50 years of membership, the gift coming from the grand master through Grand Sec. Frederick W. Hamilton.

William H. Gerrish was installed for the 50th consecutive year as organist, that duty being performed by the grand secretary, who is a past master of Washington Lodge. To crown the happy occasion, a loving cup from the members was presented the organist by Lorenzo B. Dutton, the oldest living past master. While the induction was in progress the organ was played by Eugene L. Buffinton, who has been enrolled 38 years.

The lodge gift to Lloyd K. Allen, the retiring master, was a past master's jewel, bestowed by Past Master H. Raymond Chubbuck.

Those who constitute the organization for 1917-18 are: Henry S. Wolkins, W.M.; Harry E. Stevens, S.W.; John Ballantyne, Jr., J.W.; Marshall S. P. Smith, T.; Gustavus F. Alden, S.; Rev. J. Harry Holden, C.; Rev. Charles L. Page, A.C.; Luther F. Fleming, M.; William H. C. Carrasco, S.D.; Henry E. Hoffman, J.D.; Bertram E. G. Silver, S.S.; Joseph L. C. Taylor, J.S.; Frank S. Waterman, Jr., I.S.; William H. Gerrish, organist; R. Franz Reissman, assistant organist; Albert E. Taylor, tyler; Frank S. Somerby, assistant tyler.

Past Master S. Everett Tinkham presided over the installation and Past Master Edwin H. Oliver was his marshal.

The associate member Board of Masonic relief is Past Master Tinkham; proxy to Grand Lodge, Past Master Frederick W. Klemm; trustee for three years, Frank S. Waterman; trustee Masonic apartments, Past Master Lloyd K. Allen.

Henry W. Brown, a license commissioner of Gloucester, Mass., is dead, at Devereux Mansion, Marblehead. He was 59 years of age and until recently he was a partner of D. C. Ballou & Co. of Magnolia, general contractors.

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He was a member of Tyrian Lodge of Masons, William Person Chapter and Bethlehem Commandery. He leaves a wife and two married daughters.

A past master's apron and jewel given on Nov. 1 marked the beginning of George A. Chisholm's second year as master of Mt. Vernon Lodge of Masons in Malden, Mass. The former gift from the officers was presented by Senior Steward Sawyer and the jewel was bestowed by Past Master William D. Serrat, representing the lodge.

Grand Lecturer Frederic L. Putnam conducted the installation, with Past Master Alvin F. Pease as marshal. The stations will be filled as follows: George A. Chisholm, W.M.; Harrison R. Medding, S.W.; Percy A. Dodge, J.W.; Frank M. Perry, T.; Wallace M. Corbin (P.M.), S.; Rev. William F. Dusseault, C.; Rev. Richard E. Sykes, A.C.; George M. Keen, M.; J. Elliott Knowlton, S.D.; Julius T. Rockwood, J. D.; Herbert F. Sawyer, S.S.; Walter E. Woodward, J.S.; Truman R. Hawley, I.S.; Charles P. Scott, organist; Charles H. Badger, tyler; Edward H. Small, assistant tyler.

Past Master W. D. Serrat was elected to the membership committee for three years, and Past Master John F. Neal fills the unexpired term of the late Past Grand Warden Walter F. Medding. George F. Bradstreet is associate member of the board of Masonic relief; Past Master Joseph Wiggins and James O. Otis were named to the finance committee.

At the annual meeting of the Masonic Veteran Association of Providence, R. I., Friday, October 26th, the following officers were chosen: Franklin A. Smith, Jr., President; S. Penrose Williams, Vice President; William E. Husband, Sec'y and Treas.; Edward M. Clarke, Steward; Edgar G. Winsor and Albert L. Anthony, Directors.

Saturday and Sunday, November 10 and 11, Michigan Sovereign Consistory, Detroit, Michigan, conferred the degrees of the Scottish Rite on three hundred officers and privates from Fort Wayne, Selfridge Field, and Camp Custer, a special dispensation having been issued for them to receive the degrees at this time. New York Consistory

likewise conferred the Scottish Rite degrees on 500 officers and men from the Plattsburg Training Camp.

We have received from Past Master Albert Knight of What Cheer Lodge, Providence, R. I., a handsome booklet program of "Comrade's Night," Friday, October 19th. It also carries the Honor Roll, at the head of which is Sylvanus Tingley, who has been sixty years a member of the lodge. There was a collation and reception to Most Worshipful Grand Master Wilbur A. Scott, also to the officers of King Solomon's Lodge of Somerville, Mass., and to the 50-year members of What Cheer Lodge.

A program of addresses and musical numbers completed the evening.

Hugh de Payens Commandery, K. T., Melrose, Mass., extended hospitality to Haverhill Commandery, K. T., Haverhill, Mass., Wednesday, November 14th, first at a dinner at the City Club of Boston, where Em. Commander Sanford Crandon, Jr., gave a most cordial welcome to the visiting Sir Knights. In the evening, at the Asylum in Melrose, the visitors were formally received and assisted in the work of the evening, after which the company was entertained by a musical program.

Haverhill Commandery was in charge of Em. Commander Frederick H. Tilton.

The annual theatre party of the Aleppo Temple, Mystic Shrine, November 8th, at the Shubert Theatre, was a brilliant success. There was a large attendance of the Nobles and their ladies. Numerous stunts were performed for the Shriners by the Masons in the cast. One interesting feature was a welcome at the door by three small daughters of Shriners, Miss Sadie Campbell, Gwendolyn Hamlin and Mildred Nossell. Little Miss Campbell imitated Harry Lauder admirably. In charge of arrangements were Potentate Walter W. Morrison, Steward Henry B. Perkins, Edward D. Smith and David Finestone. Shriners bought out the whole house.

The profits of the party are to be added to the War Fund. Each lady received a handsome souvenir.

NEW ENGLAND CRAFTSMAN

Mt. Vernon Lodge of Malden, Mass., stands among the lodges that have furnished the largest number of members for service in the army and navy. At its meeting in October, twenty-three names of members were reported.

Rt. Ex. Companion Frank F. Cook, past deputy grand priest of the Grand Chapter of Massachusetts is now serving as the 19th Worshipful Master of Winthrop Lodge.

The list of officers for the year 1917-1918 are as follows: Frank F. Cook, master; Albert S. Smith, senior warden; Gorham W. Walker, junior warden; Harry W. Aiken, treasurer; James C. Nelson, secretary; Rev. Ralph M. Harper, chaplain; Charles G. Bird, marshal; Allen E. Newton and Clyde D. Moulton, deacons; H. Frank Fisk and Karl H. Dodge, stewards; J. Henry Ripley, organist; Louis R. Matthews, inside sentinel; Clayton B. Kingsley, associate inside sentinel; Winthrop Magee, tyler; William A. McNeill, assistant tyler.

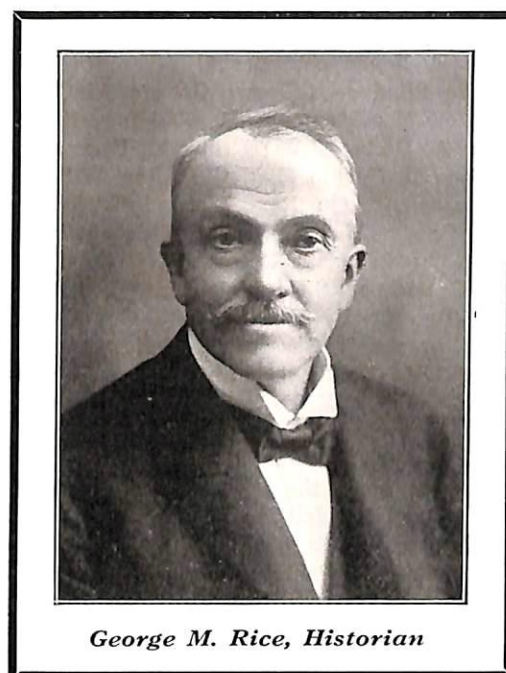


Edgar W. Evans

Edgar W. Evans, who retired from office as Worshipful Master at the last Annual Meeting of King Solomon's Lodge, Somerville, was presented with a unique token of his association with the lodge. It was a bound volume of the notices issued during his administration.

The list of officers for the ensuing year as installed by Rt. Wor. Robert W. Oliver,

assisted by Past Master Garey is as follows: William P. Jones, master; Arthur W. Vaughan, senior warden; Roy M. Perkins, Junior warden; Robert W. Oliver, (P.M.) treasurer; Heinn F. Tomfohrde, secretary; Rev. William H. Pettus, chaplain; Fred H. Donle, marshal; Lincoln P. Sibley and Warner R. Crowell, deacons; De Bert Wakelee and George H. Mowers, Jr., stewards; Frederick S. Emery, inside sentinel; Herbert Thompson, organist; Albertiss M. Caton, tyler; George A. Grant, assistant tyler.



George M. Rice, Historian

George M. Rice, a prominent citizen of Worcester, and a well known Freemason, died at his home on November 8th after a brief illness. Brother Rice has been active in Masonic affairs for many years and on the occasion of the semi-centennial of Montacute Lodge in 1908, delivered the Historical Address. He was a member of the Scottish Rite bodies in Worcester with the exception of the Consistory, being a member of Massachusetts Consistory, located in Boston, which he joined April 28, 1878.

Mr. Rice made the Masonic bodies of Massachusetts bequests aggregating \$40,000. The value of the estate is not given, but, after making several bequests to relatives

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and friends, Mr. Rice directs that specific bequests of \$22,000 be made to the Masonic bodies with which he was affiliated and that half the residuary estate be given to the master, wardens and members of the Grand Lodge of Masons in Massachusetts for the support of the Masonic home in this State.

The specific Masonic bequests are \$1000 to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, \$8000 to Montacute Lodge of Worcester, \$5000 to Worcester Royal Arch Chapter, \$2500 to Hiram Council of Royal and Select Masters; \$2600 to Goddard Council, Rose Croix, \$500 to reduce debt on Worcester Masonic Temple, \$1000 to the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Massachusetts, \$1000 to the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Massachusetts and \$1000 to the Massachusetts Council of Deliberation.

In his will Mr. Rice said: "As a large part of any success which has come to me in life has been through the help, inspiration and teachings of the Masonic fraternity, I desire that they shall be largely my beneficiaries."

A feature of especial interest in connection with the degrees of the Scottish Rite bodies, as presented in October, was the rendering of the "HOLY CITY" in Boston Lafayette Lodge of Perfection. There was a chorus of forty voices selected from the leading church choirs of Boston, among them the Meistersingers. They were under the direction of Charles F. Dennee. The soloists were Mrs. Clara Jackson, soprano; Mrs. Adelaide Briggs Bowman, contralto; Harold Tripp and Jewell Boyd, tenors; Franklin G. Field and Percy Baker, baritones.

The election of the 25th Worshipful Master of Palestine Lodge, Everett, Mass., is a reminder that the lodge may soon be numbered among the mature if not the aged lodges of Massachusetts. Its last annual meeting occurred November 8th, when Wor. John R. Dexter, who has occupied the chair two years, retired from office. He was succeeded by Philip E. Ham, who, with his associate officers, were installed by Grand Lecturer Frederic L. Putnam, assisted by Past Master Alvin F. Pease of Converse Lodge. The lodge has on display a service

flag with 46 stars and there is one more to be added.

Officers for the coming year are as follows: Philip E. Ham, master; Charles Holton, senior warden; Fred Hobbs, junior warden; Nathan Nichols, (P.M.) treasurer; Edward B. Noyes, (P.M.) secretary; Rev. Ansel C. Johnson, chaplain; John R. Dexter, (P.M.) marshal; George A. F. Perry and Williard P. Lombard, deacons; Daniel H. Hussey and George G. Baker, stewards; James F. Williams, inside sentinel; John A. Thomas, organist; Joel E. Partridge, tyler.

L. S. Starrett, of Athol, Mass., whose name will be recognized among the regular advertisers of the "New England Craftsman," has recently donated \$5000 to the Y. M. C. A. fund which is one-quarter of the amount which the association will attempt to raise in Athol.

Wor. Walter C. Wardwell, past district deputy grand master of the second (Mass.) Masonic district with the assistance of Past Master James F. Coburn of Joseph Webb Lodge, installed the officers of Aberdour Lodge, Boston, November 13th. A Past Master's Jewel was presented to retiring Master William Sears.

The new officers are as follows: William H. Hodgkins, master; Wilman M. Macomber, senior warden; Horace B. Mann, junior warden; William H. Palmer treasurer; R. Wor. Henry M. Nourse, secretary; Rev. Geo. J. Prescott, (P.M.) and Rev. Henry H. Sanderson, chaplains; Henry S. Dunn, (P.M.) marshal; Frank A. Baker and Ronald B. Clarke, deacons; Herman Nickerson and David Hutchinson, stewards; Arthur E. Fiske, inside sentinel; William H. Gerrish, organist; Edward F. Jacobs, tyler.

The members of Union Lodge, Dorchester, Mass., are doing their bit for their country in its work for world democracy. Seventeen of its members are already enrolled for service and a service flag on which is a star for each member enlisted was unfurled at the annual meeting on November 13.

James M. Littleton was re-elected Master and was presented with a Past Master's

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Jewel by his predecessor, Fred V. Murtfeldt. He also received a Past Master's Apron from Senior Warden De Lappe.

The 1917-18 organization is as follows: James N. Littleton, W.M.; Charles C. De Lappe, S.W.; William R. Elliott, J.W.; Leonard, C. Nickerson, T.; John H. Rogers, S.; Rev. Edward D. Gaylord, C.; Rev. James C. Coons, A.C.; J. Lewis Maclary, M.; George M. Hersey, S.D.; John P. Morgan, J.D.; Matthew H. Sheridan, S.S.; James W. Wickwire, J.S.; Ernest H. Washburn, I.S.; William A. Morrill, organist; Alexander G. McDonald, tyler; John F. Grant, assistant tyler.

It is not generally known by the members of the Craft that for some time past there has been conducted, under the auspices of the Board of Masonic Relief, a "Masonic Employment Bureau" in Room 207, Masonic Temple. Since the Bureau was established, employment has been secured for many Brethren, as also for widows, sisters, daughters and sons of Brethren.

There was no discrimination in cases where the applicant came from another jurisdiction, some coming from foreign countries, but the same care was taken and employment found for them. All who can employ help of any kind are urgently requested to apply to this Bureau.

Germania Lodge will celebrate its 64th anniversary on January 28th next. There will be a public installation of the officers elected and appointed. The organization for the ensuing year will be the same as at present constituted, with the exception of the secretary, who retires from office.

It will be the annual "Germania Ladies' Night" and those who have attended these celebrations in the past, certainly enjoyed a most pleasant evening. The committee, of which Wor. Master Leo Robinson is chairman, is making arrangements for the coming event, which will assure all who will participate of a good time.

Past Master Pearson is Chairman of a committee which presented Mount Tabor Lodge, East Boston, a service flag bearing a star for each of the eighteen members of the lodge who have enlisted in the service

of "Uncle Sam." Wor. Master Henry E. W. Beane accepted the flag and expressed his sincere thanks to the donors.

The presentation was made on the occasion of the 72d Annual Communication. The new Master is John R. Oldreive and Secretary William H. Beeching and Treasurer Harden were re-elected.

Wor. Clifford F. Crosby, who has concluded a brilliant administration as master of Somerville Lodge, is succeeded by Arthur E. Keating, a past high priest of Somerville Royal Arch Chapter. The latter with his associate officers were installed November 12th by Rt. Wor. Robert W. Oliver, assisted by Wor. Edgar W. Evans. A Past Master's jewel and apron were presented to Wor. Brother Crosby.

Following is the new list of officers: Arthur E. Keating, master; Frederic E. Moore, senior warden; Frank W. Seabury, junior warden; Frank A. Teele, treasurer; Charles W. Hodge, secretary; Rev. William F. Wilson, chaplain; Rev. David Fraser, assistant chaplain; George J. Rauh, marshal; Walter I. Fuller and Theodore H. Chapin, deacons; Alvah G. Sleeper and Méyer H. Sackett, stewards; Alden M. Pillsbury, inside sentinel; Charles P. Potter, organist; James C. Hardy, tyler.

The visit of District Deputy Rt. Wor. William E. Parsons to Tyrian Lodge of Gloucester, November 13, was an occasion of more than common interest.

Following the work of the lodge Brother John McEachern was presented with the Henry Price medal in view of the fact that he had been a member of the lodge for 50 years. A coincidence also was the fact that the presentation was made by Rt. Wor. William Babson, who was the master of Tyrian Lodge at the time Brother McEachern was made a member. The latter is 84 years old. Rt. Wor. William H. Rider was presented with a silk purple apron by the lodge emblematical of his permanent membership in the Grand Lodge. Rt. Wor. Parsons was presented with a silver loving cup, and W.M. William J. MacInnis was given a past master's diploma by the district deputy.

NOTE AND NEWS

There are no slackers among the Knights Templar when a request comes for assistance to the Red Cross. This was evidenced at the annual conclave of the Grand Commandery in Boston on Oct. 30 when, in response to an appeal from Grand Master Smith of the Grand Encampment, K. T. of the United States, the sum of \$20,000 was voted as the Commandery's quota of the \$250,000 desired.

William H. Emerson of Brockton was elected Grand Commander, and the other officers chosen were as follows: William J. Bolton, Athol, U.E.D.G.C.; Everett C. Benton, Belmont, G. G.; Harry G. Pollard, Lowell, G.C.G.; Henry C. Dexter, Pawtucket, G.S.W.; James S. Blake, Brookline, G.J.W.; Rev. Dr. R. Perry Bush, Chelsea, G.P.; Rev. Francis W. Gibbs, Providence, A.G.P.; E. Bentley Young, Boston, G.T.; Benjamin W. Rowell, Lynn, G.R.; Charles R. Hunt, New Bedford, G.Std.B.; Asa C. Jewett, Newton, G.Swd.B.; Clarence M. Dunbar, Attleboro, G.C.of G.; Albert Manley, Brockton, G.W.; James A. Gunn, Jr., of Greenfield, Percy W. Witherell of Winchester and Olin D. Dickerman of Abington, division commanders; William E. Wilcox, Pittsfield, grand sentinel. William J. Hobbs of Malden was elected grand trustee for three years.

The annual report of Grand Recorder Rowell showed that there are 19,000 enrolled in the commanderies of this grand jurisdiction, a net gain of 373. In the United States there are 253,251 Templars and 268,660 in the world.

A radical change was made in the method of inspections. The jurisdiction is divided into eight divisions, the commanders to be the grand senior warden, grand junior warden, grand standard bearer, grand sword-bearer, grand captain of the guard and three past commanders. An inspector instructor shall be appointed by the grand commander for one year. Thus the office of grand lecturer is abolished. The grand commander designated Past Grand Commander Dana as inspector instructor. Following the annual conclave, the grand commander was the guest of the Association of K. T. Commanders, in the Hotel Somerset.



William H. L. Odell

At the November conclave of St. Bernard Commandery, No. 12, of Boston, the new commander had as his informal guests many distinguished Templars, including the grand commander and other officers high in the counsel of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. At the banquet following the work announcement was made that Sir Knight Philips of St. Bernard was to leave for France to superintend Y. M. C. A. work at the front and incidental to this one Sir Knight contributed \$500 and several others amounts up to \$100 each for the purpose of this worthy institution. The meeting was a particularly happy one and breathed the true Thanksgiving spirit. The Commandery officers for 1917-18 installed at the meeting are: Eminent Commander, Em. Sir William H. L. Odell; Generalissimo, Sir Richard C. De Normandie; Captain General, Sir Jay B. Benton; Senior Warden, Sir Theodore O. Nicholson; Junior, Warden, Sir James Keltie; Treasurer, Em. Sir Robert J. Dunkle; Recorder, Em. Sir Richard W. Smith; Prelate, Rev. Sir George Browning Spurr; Warden, Sir Bert E. Holland; Adjutant, Sir Alfred H. Moorhouse; Standard Bearer, Sir Walter F. Lansil; Sword Bearer, Sir Chester P. Woodbury; Captains of the Guard, Sir Frank B. Lawler, Sir Douglas S. Carter, Sir George R. Southwick.

NEW ENGLAND CRAFTSMAN

KIND WORDS

From time to time we receive communications which gladden our hearts and show us that we are appreciated by an increasingly large number of readers. We reprint herewith a few comments recently received from Craftsmen readers:

What the Grand Master Says

"New England Craftsman,
"Masonic Temple, Boston, Mass.

"I am pleased to send you herewith my check for a two years' subscription to The New England Craftsman, to date from the expiration of my present subscription in October next.

"I realize some of the difficulties, including those of high cost of paper and materials, under which magazines are being published at the present time, and it is my desire, as an individual subscriber, to make the burden as light as possible.

"The New England Craftsman is the only Masonic magazine published in Massachusetts, and I am deeply appreciative of the good work which it has done and is doing in the matter of Masonic information and instruction. Its columns possess much of interest and value to every loyal member of the Fraternity, and the magazine can be made simply invaluable to everyone if all will give it the cordial and hearty support which such a Masonic enterprise deserves. . . .

"Yours fraternally,
(Signed) "Leon M. Abbott."

A. R. A. M. Says:

"New England Craftsman:
"I was very much interested in your editorial. . . . You have struck in part the reason for the unpopularity of the Chapter and perhaps sooner or later those sticklers for such form, ceremonies, etc., as have been insisted on by our Grand Chapter will also see the light. If they don't the particular features of the Chapter will grow less and less popular. . . .

"Sincerely and fraternally,
"_____"

A Wise Mason

"New England Craftsman,
"Masonic Temple,
"Boston, Mass.
"After reading your letter from the Grand Master and editorial on the same, I am sending you my check for \$10.00. Please apply it for my subscription for five years to the 'Craftsman.'

"Very truly yours,
"_____"

From Little Old New York

"New England Craftsman,
"Masonic Temple, Boston, Mass.
"Enclosed please find check for two dollars in payment for my subscription to the 'New England Craftsman' for the coming year. I enjoy its coming each month, and would be very sorry not to have it, as I consider it a very valuable book for all Masons to have, whether they are fortunate enough to live in New England or not. To my mind it grows finer and better all the time, and I wish a copy of it might be placed each month in every Masonic Lodge in the United States.

"With best wishes and kindest regards, I remain,

"Cordially and fraternally yours,
"_____"

Considers It "Dues"

"New England Craftsman,
"Boston, Mass.
"I enclose my dues for the New England Craftsman and very gladly pay it. I regard the Craftsman as a very valuable paper, one of the best of its kind, and I take pleasure in reading it and in recommending it to my friends.

"Success to you, and you certainly deserve it.

"Very truly yours,
"_____"

From Roslindale

"N. E Craftsman,
"The Roslindale Masonic Club greatly appreciate the Craftsman. . . ."

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"Burn-All"	Causes all the Coal and Clinkers to burn to a white ash.
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Saves Coal 25% to 40%	In burning, these Gases you get at least 25% more Heat per unit of Coal.
Reduces Smoke 50% to 75%	SMOKE is Carbon and Gas, and "Burn-All" utilizes both.
Reduces Clinkers 15% to 50%	The Perfect Combustion with a "Burn-All" reduces the Coal to a white ash.
Reduces Ashes 15% to 50%	Less Coal is consumed in producing the Same Amount of Heat.
Reduces Labor 25% to 50%	There is Less Coal and Ashes to handle and the fire lasts Longer without replenishing.

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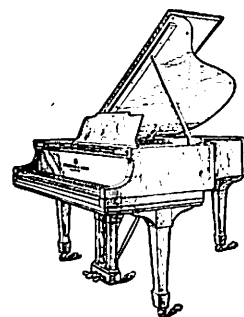
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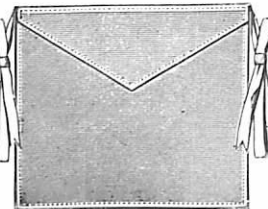
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